heard; so little Betty sat down to her

Usa

For Over

Thirty Years

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That

Genuine Castoria

Always

Bears the

Signature

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers. 1. Write plainty on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

Words.
Original stories or letters only be used. Write your name, age and ad-plainly at the bottom of the Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

The Night Express. By Homer Greene.

A royal game is the night express,
When the work of the day is done;
When the lamps drive out the loneliness,
And the grate fire glows in its deep

recess,
And the winter night creess on.
Now come!" I say to my four-yearold,
"The hour for the game is here,
ou be the fireman big and bold,
And I'll be the engineer."

train of chairs in a faultless row, With one high chair at the head Now, all aboard! Time's up, you know, Ting-a-ling! toot! toot!" and away we

While the furnace fire is fed.
Steam po! Speed on! for the night
is cold.
And the track ahead is clear."
thrilling ride for the fireman bold,
And a joy to the engineer.

Through farm and forest we thunder And our light shines far ahead.
But—'Look! O deary, the bridge is gone!
A wreck there'll be in the ghostly

dawn.

And a train in the river's bed!"

He drops the tools that he sought to hold,

And his eyes grow wide with fear;

One leap; and he's safe, is the fireman bold,

In the arms of the engineer.

It's many a year since the night ex-

Press
Went thundering down to the bay;
And a bearded man in a soldier's dress
is he who sprang to my quick caress
When the bridge was washed away.
Yet I dream, as the winter nights
grow cold,
Of the nights of an elder year,
When my four-year-old was the fireman bold,
And I was the engineer.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Mary A. Burrill, of Stafford Springs I thank you many times for the nice living than they thought it was. prize book you sent me, entitled, Miss Pat at School. I have started to read it and like it very much.

Katherine Inman, of Versailles—I re-ceived the nice prize book you sent me entitled. The Campfire Girls on the March. I think it is very inter-esting. I thank you very much for it.

thank you very much for my nice prize book. I have read it through and found it very interesting.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS 1-Alice Gorman, of Versailles 2-Geraldine Gareau, of Baltic-His

4—Sarah Becker, of Norwich—Grace Harlowe's Sophomore Year.

5-Mary A. Burrill, of Stafford prings-Phil Bradley at the Wheel. 6-Lillian M. Brehaut, of East Nor-wich, N. Y.-The Club at Crow's Cor-

7-Vera Melaness of Norwich-The automobile Girls at Washington. 8-Clifford Congdon, of Moosup Phil Bradley's Snowshoe Trail. Winners of books living in the city nay call at the Buletin business business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

UNCLE-JED'S TALK TO WIDE.

AWAKES.

Uncle Jed hopes none of his Wide-Awakes are finding it necessary to be better than usual just now so as to increase their Christmas presents, or to make themselves seem worthy of having courteous attention when they

It is a mistake for parents to hire children to be good, and the super-ficial goodness displayed for holiday purposes is not praiseworthy. Being good to get anything is a bad habit. Everybody should be good and oblig-ing, first because it is the only right thing to do, and second because it makes life pleasanter for themselves and others.

It is wrong to think these immoral actions on the part of little folks are cunning or cute, and no one can tell how many children take their first essons in deception from their own parents and friends, who smile at tricks which in later life have become a part of the character of their children and give them pain.

Being good and doing good for good's sake is the right principle; and it isn't always easy, although it is always best.

Instead of looking for a lot of presents for yourself alone, just see if you haven't something you would like to give some poor boy or girl or sick child or neighbor for Christmas. It is fine to cultivate a warm and generous heart, and those who do kindly acts without expectation or hope of reward can never tell how

much joy they have found in giving. It is real pleasure to be able to help omeone feel that life is more worth Do not try to be specially good for Christmas time, but strive to be good all of the time.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

A Visit to New York Parks.

che March. I think it is very interesting. I thank you very much for it.

Gladys Houls, of Stafford Springs—
I thank you very much for the prize book entitled. The Gutdoor Chums. I have read the book and found it very interesting.

Flossic Meyer, of Taftville—I thank you for the prize book you sent me. I have read it through and have loaned it to one of my friends and she thinks it is very interesting.

Edward Moran, of Norwich—I thank you for my interesting prize book. I have read it all through and will write again.

Josephine Bovoricka, of West Willington—I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me, The Blue Bird and Other Tales of France. I like it very much.

Emily Hopkins, of Plainfield—I back of the call of the park are the Belvedere, an observatory on the highest point of ground, it have read it all through and will write again.

Emily Hopkins, of Plainfield—I bethesda and the Terrace. Nearby in

corner of the park are six pictur a corner of the park are six picturesque lakes.

In the center of the park is a large building, the menagerie, a small but wonderful collection of live animals, birds and fishes in the arsenal building, which is also the executive quarters of the department of parks. The park contains the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Obelisk, a meaument said to have been made in the year 1500 B. C., which was given to the city of New York in 1877 by the Khedive of Bgypt. Altogether Central Park ranks by common consent among the most beautiful pleasure grounds of the world.

Branx park is also a lovely park. It is seven hundred nineteen acres on

Bronx park is also a lovely park. It is seven hundred nineteen acres on either side of the Bronx river, a small stream which broadens into lakes and ponds and has a fall at the lower end of the park. Bronx park reaches from 180th street to 205th street. The northern part is occupied by the New York Botanical Gardens and the southern part by the Zoological park.

Riverside park in Riverside Drive on the river front, a finely wooded natural terrace with winding paths, is a beautiful park. I saw many other parks while I was in New York, but none attracted me as did Central Park.

SARAH BECKER, Age 12.

Norwich.

The Story of Naaman.

Leng, long ago there lived in the country of Syria a man named Naaman. He was very rich and a favorite of the king, and he was captain of all the king's soldiers. But for all this he was not happy, for he was a leper. He had a terrible disease called deprosy, which caused the skin to turn white as snow.

Now it happened that once some of the Syrian soldiers had stolen a little girl from Israel and she had become a servant to Naaman's wife. The people of Syria worshipped idols, while the people of Israel worshipped the true God, and so the little girl knew of the prophet Elisha who lived in Israel. She told her mistress about the prophet who could cure Naaman.

When Naaman's wife heard this, she told her husband about it and he was

When Naaman's wife heard this, she told her husband about it and he was glad that there was someone who could cure him, so he told the king and asked him if he could go on the journey, and the king consented.

He gave Naaman a letter to give the king of Israel which told about Naaman and his leprosy. Naaman got ready for the journey, taking with him much gold and silver and many servants.

servants.

When the king of Israel read the letwhen the king of israel read the let-ter he was very much troubled, for he thought the king of Syria wanted to make war against him, so he rent his clothes, which was the way to show grief in those days.

When Elisha heard about it he said

to the king:
"Send Nasman to me and I will cure So Naaman went to Elisha's house and Elisha sent someone to tell him to dip himself in the river Jordan

to dip himself in the river Jordan seven times.

Naaman was very angry because Elisha did not come himself to make him well at once, for he thought himself greater than Elisha.

He said: "Why did Elisha send me to the river Jordan to wash? Are not the rivers of Syria as good as the ones of Israel?" And he turned away in rage.

But Naaman had wise servants who at last persuaded him to dip himself in the river Jordan seven times, and his flesh came clean and he had leprosy no longer.

rosy no longer, Naaman now called himself Elisha's

servant, while before he thought him-self much grander. He tried many times to give Elisha rich presents, but Elisha told him he did not cure people for money; It was God who gave him the power, and so he sent Naaman

growing brown and flowers drooped their pretty heads for want of rain. Everything seemed half asleep. The birds flitted noiselessly from tree to

tree.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon dark clouds were seen in the sky. Darker and darker they grew. A muffied rumbling and a rolling was heard in the distance. It seemed as if the very heavens would break asunder. Thor must have been very angry, for never before had there been such a rolling and a rumbling. Now and then a flash of lightning lit up the darkened sky, followed by peals of thunder.

Suddenly it started to rain. Faster and faster came the rain until it seem-

across the sky, showing that through all the centuries God had not forgotten his promise to Noah; and so ended the

FLOSSIE MEYER, Age 14.

The Boston Tea Party.

Betty was coming home from church, holding her father's hand as she walkmany years ago.
"Oh, father!" said the little maid. "See that great ship in the harbor!"
"Yes," said her father, "that is the tea ship."

But I thought we were not But I thought we were not going to drink any more tea?" said Betty. "Mother says we must like raspberry leaves since King George made us pay

"King George cannot make us pay the tax if we do not buy the tea, little daughter. Run home to mother now, and I will come by and by. Button your cloak about your neck. This east wind is sharp and cold."

A few nights after this Betty had a

A few nights after this Betty had a strange dream. She thought she was in her little bed watching her mother as she sat sewing in the other room. Suddenly the outer door opened and an Indian in war paint and feathers walked into the room.

Betty looked at her mother, expecting to see her start in terror; but she went on starting to sew as if no one had come in. Betty could not believe her eyes. her eyes. "Did they succeed?" asked her moth-

er at last.
"We succeeded," was the answer in

tes party last night."

Betty longed to ask a dozen questions; but in those days children were often told they were to be seen, not actually tried to light a fire, for there

were a few sticks gathered, and half burned matches that has been struck in the useless endeavor to ignite the wood, lay scattered on the surface of

dinner in silence.
"It must have been a pretty funn, tea party," she thought; but she didn' say a word.

KATHERINE GORMAN, Age 10.

Jake's Mistake.

Jake was a siim boy with dark hair and brown eyes. His father was a carpenter. He had steady work and kept his family in comfort.

Extra an old farmer, called Old Grouch by the boys, lived at the edge of the town. He raised fruit and vegetables mainly, but raised a few potatoes and corn for himself.

Jake liked sweet things. This was why he liked watermelons. He knew Old Grouch raised them, and he determined to get one. Wednesday was a day when it was Old Grouch's custom to go to the village to get supplies. Jake chose this day to get a watermelon.

Jake chose this day to get a watermeion.

He went about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. He reached the field about
quarter past 2, chose a large watermeion, and was on his way back when
he heard a voice. He knew it was
Oid Grouch, and he started running.
Jake got over the fence safely when
he stumbled and fell, hitting his head
on a rock. He was unconscious when
Old Grouch picked him up and took
him into the house. Jake soon regained consciousness and was ashamed,
for he knew it was wrong to steal.

Old Grouch told him it was a sin to
steal, and told him that it was lucky
he did not go to the village.

Jake promised Old Grouch he would
not steal again and was soon on his
way home with a watermelon under
his arm which Old Grouch had given
him.

Jake told the village boys about it and Exra never heard the name Old Grouch again applied to him.

CARL ANDERSON, Age 13. Baltic.

A Thanksgiving Stery.

In the early times there was a family in Plymouth named Brown.

They lived in a large cabin. It was built of logs and it was bigger than any of the other Pilgrims' cabins.

In the fall of 1800 the people of Plymouth had a very good harvest, so they planned to have a Thanksgiving day and thank God for this blessing. They were to have it on the last They were to have it on the last GERALDINE GAREAU, Age 9.

Baltle.

day and thank God for this blessing.
They were to have it on the last
Thursday of November.

The Browns started to get ready one
week before for the great feast.
They had three boys and two girls.
They were John, James, George, Alice
and Mary. The boys helped Mr. Brown
to hunt for turkeys and other wild
birds and animals. The girls helped
Mrs, Brown to do the cooking and
baking.

Mrs. Brown to do the cooking and baking.

The day before Thanksgiving they invited some Indian chiefs and some white people to come to their feast.

They came about 10 o'clock in the morning. They brought some deer with them.

When dinner came they had turkey, reast deer numbkin pie and many

when dinner came they had turkey, roast deer, pumpkin ple and many other things.

After dinner the old people sat around the fireplace and told stories. The young people played games and danced around the fire.

All the company went home late that night, saying they had a very good time.

MARION DEUTSCH, Age 11.

A Haunted House.

As I was driving my cows home one night, I thought I would take a short cut through a field where stood a house which people said was haunted. So jumping over the fence I let my cows in and started across the field.

As I passed this house I noticed that the door stood open. I left my cows

for money; it was God who gave him the power, and so he sent Naaman home in peace.

MARY A. BURRILL, Age 13.

Stafford Springs.

A Thunder Storm.

It was a hot day in July. The sun's rays were unmerciful as they poured down upon the little town. It had not rained for a long time. The grass were the same condition. As I neared one room set off from the others, I are the condition and the long that the condition are the condition and the long time. The same condition are the conditions and the long time. heard the clanking of chains, and the groans of someons in pain.
On hearing this noise I took to my
heels, and running out of the house I

gathered my cows together and started home, arriving there very much fright-AGNES E. SCHREIER, Age 12.

When I was young and used to roam around over the country, gathering watermelons in the light of the moon, I used to think I could milk anybody's cow, but I do not think so now. do not milk a cow any more unless the sign is right, and it basn't been

Suddenly it started to rain. Faster and faster came the rain until it seemed as if it could rain no harder. Soon little posts of water were formed in the streets. For one hour it poured, and then abated, It soon stopped raining.

The dark clouds soon passed away. The birds started to twitter and the flowers seemed glad, for they raised their drooping heads.

A rainbow of the most beautiful colors imaginable was seen stretching across the sky, showing that through

She put too much expression in it.
Just then I heard something crash through the window of the barn and fall with a dull, sickening thud on the outside. The neighbors came to see what it was that caused the noise.

They found that I had done it is get. They found that I had done it is get-I asked the neighbors if the barn was still standing. They said it was.

Then I asked if the cow was in-

They said she didn't seem to be. HAZEL RUTH KING, Age 14.

The First Fall of Snow.

One morning last week, as I started for school it began snowing. As I was walking along I met some of my school companions who told me they were very glad that it was snowing. The snow fell faster and thicker and by the time we reached the school the ground was almost covered with specific starts. When recess came it was still snow-

ing and we were delighted. We ran around throwing snowballs at one another until the bell rang. In the afternoon there was no school and though it had stopped snowing most of us were thinking of going

most of us were thinking of going sliding.

I did not care to slide, so I did my home work and then read a book. I had just finished it when a friend of mine asked me to go skating. I consented so we went and stayed till 6 o'clock, when we came home.

GLADYS HOULE, Age 12, .

Stafford Springs.

"We succeeded," was the answer in excellent English for an Indian. "We threw it all into the harbor."

"All of it?" asked Betty's mother. "You bet!" said the Indian, "and a good night's work it was, too!"

Then he went into the kitchen and Betty knew no more till morning. She did not speak of her dream lest her mother might think she had eaten too much seedcake the fight before. Another strangs thing happened. The night after that Betty was playing soldier with a red cloak, her father's boots and her tin sword. When her mother called her to dinner, she pulled off the boots in a hurry. Something fell out on the floor.

"Why, mother!" said Betty. "Why, mother! There's tea in father's boots!"

"Is there?" said her mother calmiy, as if there were nothing remarkable about that. "Well, father went to a tea party last night."

Betty longed to ask a dozen questions; but in those days children were

in the useless endeavor to ignite the wood, lay scattered on the surface of the snow.

"Lock at the little make-believe popgun," said one hunter to the other, in a quivering voice: "Honest to goodness, I believe be's started out to hunt game just as his daddy is in the habit of doing, and got lost. But he must be nearly frozen. Let's get a fire going and thaw him out in a hurry!"

After a roaring fire had been made and the little chap thoroughly warmed, they decided to carry him back to their lodge. They took turns for he was no light burden, and snow shoes are not easy-going foot wear.

The two hunters remaining on guard at the camp, upon hearing their chums' voices, started to meet them and finey asked if they were carrying home some bacon for supper, but great was their delight when they saw the little "curly-headed laddie," and it was not long after that he regained his senses and ate a heasty meat.

The little chap was tongue-tied and so could not tell his name, so one of them asked all the names he could recollect but none flitted his father's so they were helpless. They found out his father's name at any rate, for they named the owner's of the camp in their vicinity and when the right name was guessed he was taken to his home.

Lillian M. BREHAUT.

East Norwich, N. Y.

A Pet Squirrel.

My mother spends the summer at an old house in the country. Back of this house is a beautiful garden, where mother likes to sit and sew on

where mother likes to sit and sew on fine days.

Mother is very kind to animals, and has made friends with a squirrel that lives in a tree nearby. The squirrel is not a bit afraid. It will run up mother's chair and sit on her shoulder. Sometimes mother puts some nuts in her pocket. Then the squirrel will caper until it gets hold of the nuts when it will run off.

At one time mother used to wear a black comb that was very high. What do you think the squirrel would do?

A Shipwreowk.

It was pouring rain, and as the children could not go out doors to play, they stood by a window, looking into the street.

Grandfather, who was resting in his easy chair, heard 'little Maurice say: "When I am a man, I intend to be a sailor."

"A sailor," repeated grandfather, "I hope not my child, I hope not. It is a very, very hard life. I know some thing about it, for I went to sea, many years ago."

"A story, a story!" cried the children, and they ran across the room, and gathered around the old man. "When I was young," grandfather began, "I had to go to England on business for my father, and as there

were not many steamers in those days, I went in a sailing vessel.

"We were at sea about a week when a storm arose. The sky became dark, the wind blew, and the waves were higher than the sides of the vessel. It was awful to see nothing but sky and

higher than the sides of the vessel. It was awful to see nothing but sky and watez, and no ship in sight, and no one near to help us.

"For hours the storm kept on and at last, when the masts were gone and the ship was filled with water, we got into the small boats, and rowed off. For three days we sailed about on the lonely sea, not knowing whether we would ever see land or home again. we would ever see land or home again; but, at last we were picked up by a vessel and carried into port.

"Change your mind, my son," said grandfather, as he patted Maurice on the head. "Change your mind, and choose some other life than a sailor's life. "

LORETTA H. PICHE, Age 12. Norwich.

Fluffy White.

When I was seven years old I wanted a litten very much and one day a little gray kitten came to our house, and as as no one seemed to own it I thought I would keep it, so I named Fluffy.

When it came to my house it was

tired and sleepy, so I gave it some warm milk, but it was sick and soon died. I missed my kitty very much, so my brother got me a pure white kitten, so I named her Fluffy White. Fluffy does many things. She will sit up like a rabblt and play with a ball or a string. She will sit on the carpet sweeper and have a long ride. pet sweeper and have a long ride

when mamma uses it.

Fluffy sleeps on a little pillow in the cellar by the furnace.

CAROLINE I. BRITTIN, Age 9.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Gibbie's First Day Out. Gibble was a street waif without a home. His home was the whole city. Every street had been to him as another hall in his own house, every lane as a passage from one room to the other. He never thought of ever leaving the city. One day he decided to leave the city and go to the country. He told no one of his leaving the city.

for he had no friends to tell his troubles to. Soon after he left the city. He left the city running all the way. For the first time in his life the fatherless, motherless, brotherless, sister-less waif of the city. felt himself alone.

The country people did not look friendly as they were in his town. He was getting uncomfortable and when re saw anyone he would hide were getting tired from his fast trot. his hardened feet, soon knew the rif-ference of the roads, in the city and

All day the spring weather continu The sun would shine for a few minutes and then would go behind the clouds. Snow fell which melted in

Glbbie was never afraid of the dark-ness but this night he feared some-thing. But before it got darker, he thing. But before it got darker, he at last found a place to stay over night. He climbed over a gate, the nearest building being an open shed, not far from that was a dog house, but the dog was absent. This house was covered with straw. Gabble crept in, got as much straw on him as he could, and soon fell asleep.

In a few minutes he was awakened by the dog's conversation with a boy, He chained the dog and left. Gabble, thinking taht the dog would bite, start-

thinking taht the dog would bite, start ed to bark and they made friends with each other. Gabble fell to pat

with each other. Gabbie fell to patting and kinsing and hugging the dog as if he had been human, glad of any company or companion.

They both were tired and fell asleep. Gabbie with his head on the dog's back and the dog every now and then turning his head to lick Gabbie's face.

The dog's supper was brought and the both had eaten it together. Next morning Gabbie was up early and was leaving while the dog was wagging his tall and looking wistfully up in Gabbie's face, Gabbie understood him and undid his collar. The dog rushed off, he cleared the gate at a bound and scouring madly across the field, vanished from sight; and Gabbie, too, set out to continue his journey.

FLORENCE GAYESKI.

Suggestions For Christmas Gifts. Dear Uncle Jed: I hope my sug-

lowed me home and I brought it in the house and showed it to my mother gestions for Christmas gifts are not too late and that some of the Wide-Awakes will make one of these pin-The little Japanese heads are cute

and a pretty cushion can quickly be made in this way. Fitchville made in this way.

Secure a little Japanese doll. one-half yard of Dresden ribbon four inches wide, one-half yard of baby ribbon and a little cotton batting, bran or rice. Join the ribbon after cutting off a two and one-half inch piece. Cover a pasteboard circle with the piece cut off. Gather each edge of the ribbon. Then draw up one side of the ribbon and sew it to the circle. After stuffing this draw up the other side and tie argund the doll's neck after which tie the narrow ribbon, mak-should be punctual in attendance at

900 DROPS

ALCOHOL 3 PER DENT.

AVegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Replanting the Replanting the Assimilating the Replanting the

INFANTS, CHILDREN

NOT NARCOTIC. in at the Day

A perfect Remedy for Cor on , Sour Stomach. Dia

Pac Simile Signature of

33 milloss of SLEEP

THE CENTAUR COMPARE, NEW YORK.

Atb months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

er which tie the narrow ribbon, making a bow in the back.

All kinds of doll heads are used All kinds of doll heads are used for these cushions, including Billikins. Kewpies, and even Charlie Chaplin.

Pretty flower pincushions such as roses and daisles can be made of ribbon loops. Pincushions can be made to represent vegetables, or they may be made of velvet in animal shapes. Other pincushions are made in heart and slipper shapes. All are easily made and are sultable for Christmas gifts.

ALICE GORMAN, Age 12.

Versailles.

Sewing Ache's.

Dear Uncle Jed: There was once a little girl named Jessie Brown. She had been sewing a few minutes up-

had been sewing a few minutes up-on a pillow case for her doll's bed when she pointed her finger along the youths will be trusted in a position seam and said:

"Am I to do all this, mother?" Her mother said. "That is not much for a little girl, who has such a pretty work-basket of her own."

After taking a few more stitches
Jessie said, "My thumb is sore." A
little while afterwards she said, "Oh,
my hand is so tired!"

A few more stitches and this time the
a few more stitches and this time the
complishing work.

We should all strive to keep the following rule: "Strive to keep the golden rule, and learn your lessons well at

Very soon there was something wrong with her foot; and then her head began to ache.

As soon as the sewing was finished she asked, "Now may I go out to play-" complaint was, "Oh! Ia have a pain in school."

play-"
Her voice was so cheerful that one would hardly believe it came from the same rerson who had just been troubled with so many ills.
"Shall I not first send for the doc-

tor "asked her mother.
"What! Have the doctor come to see me!" said Jessie, with no little surprise.
"Yes." said her mother, "A little girl who has a sore thumb, trouble with her foot, a pain in her side, and

sooner we have the doctor the better."
"Why, mother! they were only sewing aches. I am well enough now. I am not tired, or sick."

Do you know of any little girl who has so many pains and aches when some work is given her to do? VERA MacINNESS, Age 11.

the headache, must be sick, and the

He Hunted Rabbits.

Norwich.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you of my adventures after a load of wood. after a load of wood.

First we hitched up two horses.
Then we went to a place called Mill
Pasture. We got a load there. Then
we came home and unloaded it. we came home and unloaded it.

The next time we went to a forest of white birches. It was an awful rocky road. We had to go through a ditch of mud and water. We passed that place successfully. The road after that was filled with the branches of white birches. After a while we reschief our destination. reached our destination.

I said I was going to hunt rabbits. I

took a birch stick about three feet long and started. I went from one pile of brush to another and didn't find of brush to another and cloud that any at first.

When the men I was with began to load the team I started a rabbit. When I saw him I cried, "There he goes!" I started after him, but did not get very far when I stumbled over a stump and fell down.

The rabbit, on the other hand, ran into a birch tree and turned two or three somersaults.

three somersaults.

I picked myself up and started in pursuit. Just then I saw the rabbit turn a corner. I thought then that my rabbit was gone. I didn't go any further, but threw down my stick and went to loading the team.

We then went through a place filled with bulgers. I jumped out and cut.

with briars. I jumped out and cut some birches that were in the way. We got through there successfully. We then put on some more birches. After we got them loaded we came

CHARLES G. NELSON, Age 18.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about my pet kitten. One day as I was going to school I met a kitten. I spoke to it and it followed me. I left it in the dressing room and when I went out it was still there. It fol-

She allowed me to keep it and it has become a very good pet. I have named it Fluff. JOHN A. BURNS, Age 9.

dation of success in youth. They should be punctual in attendance at school, thorough in study and good in

in after years.
It requires effort to be a good scholar, it evinces brain power to be good student. complishing grander work.

We should all strive to keep the following rule: "Strive to keep the golden rule, and learn your lessons well at

East Norwich, N. Y.

The Story About a Colt.

Dear Uncle Jed. When I first be-gan to come to school some of the boys were on the woodpile. As Mr. Barber's colt came up, one of the boys passed him out a piece of cake. I went to run to the schoolhouse. I stubbed my toe and fell down. The colt began to run and he stepped on

my head.

My brother and another boy picked me up and carried me into the school-house. The colt did not have any shoes on so it didn't hurt me very much. My head swelled up quite bad-The teacher told Mr. Barber not to

any more, CLIFFORD CONGDON, Age 12. A Letter from Catherine.

let the colt come on the school grounds

Dear Uncle Jed: I have been to school all this year and the second grade are going to have a new reading ook this week. I am in the second grade. I like to go to school.

My baby sister's birthday is next week. She was born two years ago on Thanksgiving day. Her name is Helena. She will not be three for a long time.

My brother Henry is in the third grade at school. CATHERINE A. HOLDEN, Age 7. A Pie-Crust Family.

brother Henry is in the third

Dear Uncle Jed: My mother had some pie crust left and she let me have it. I rolled it quite thin. Then I cut it the shape of a gingerbread man.
I had enough pie crust to make the

father, mother and her two little ba-bies. After I cut them in shape I buttered them and greased the little babies. They were crispy and nice. ROSE EAGAN, Age 8. Willimantic



WHEN YOU TVANT to put your bus-iness before the punite. there is no medium better then through the ad-vertising coumns of The Bulletin.

The jingle of verse is attractive to most young children. Many of them play at rhyming, a few write verses, but hardly any achieve poetry.

I know a child who, between the ages of seven and nine, wrote some fifty or sixty poems; and in these poems is that rare thing in children's verse—inspiration. There is plenty of verse-inspiration. There is plenty of doggerel; there is nonsense; there is, inevitably, a certain amount of derivative verse; in sense of form and the use of words she rarely comes up to Marjorie's level: but in spite of her innocence, in spite of her halting

verse and rather slipshod observation, genius shines out here and there as dazzling and unmistakable as stars at "The Oak That Spoke to Me" is the title of one of her earlier poems, and the choice of title alone is, in a child

I wandered in the lonely wood And looked about me; as I stood I felt in a strange quiet mood. I heard the soft wind gently eigh, I heard the owl's faint distant cry, I heard the gay stream rattle by.

Beside me grew a stately oak Whose branches looked like fairy folk Brothers to the dwarfs of smok And as I gazed it spoke to me, Telling of the fairles wee, And of their land so rich and free.

And as it spoke the soft wind sang, The streamlet rippled, the church bells rang. And that on my thoughts will ever Her imagery in the third stanza is more precise than would appear to less observant eyes; she had noticed the ehort, thin spurts of smoke blown crooked and angular in a draught, and their likeness to the crinkly little twigs and branches of the oak she sets down oldly with no circumlocution—jus Brothers to the dwarfs of smoke. and her descriptions are occasionally as swift and vivid as her similes; there is no doubt about them. The tulip is "Handsum tulip, brightly lined:" snowdrops are "dainty;" "The larch tree showers its feathery green;" "The Dandytion shines as a sun," or,

the excellent verse: Then Autumn came in glory clothed, And Summer took her flight; He clothed the trees in red and gold, And turned the willows white.

dren, her epithets are mainly general and imitated—there is more reflection than exact observation. And it is the serious quality of her reflections that

A CHILD POET

A right to drive her nursie wild?

The bird must die, the beast must die However much they choose to cry; And death must come to me and you— Then why make such a great to-do?

Earth's little life goes on and on And ploughs the fields of right and

The streamlet has his merry play.
The Dandyllon shines as a sun,
The Birdseye twinkles as in fun,
Then happy Summer goes away.

trees
All brown and gold, tinted with red,
When Summer's happiness has fled
And things are restless with the breeze.

But in that snowy fleecy thing There is a greater power, power which dieth in the sword And liveth in the flower,

To describe the wonderful gift by virtue of which a child of eight can write such verses as this, there is no other word than "inspiration." JANET S. ALDIS.

distinguishes her verse from that of other children. Like Pet Marjorie, she loves to have her little joke: The bird will peck, the beast will bite, To do these things they have a right; But has a naughty little child

But deeper things are always at her call; and this same poem, written at the age of seven, ends with the fol-lowing stanza:

A little later she wrote a poem called "Time," which I will quote in

Wrong; The Spring bird sings his happy song. The floweret opes; then Spring is gone

Then Autumn comes and turns th

And so goes on earth's little year. Clothed in the dress the Seasor give; We live because we're born to live. And fear because we're born to fear.

This, I think, is an amazing production for a child of eight; the ease and certainty of touch, the art of its structure; and the depth and strength of its arresting climax, might well be envied by many a practiced hand.

Space forbids any more quotations, and I will conclude with four lines of sheer inspiration. They occur in a poem called "War Between the Clouds," in which we have the account of a conflict between black storm douds and a fleecy cloud which makes for fair weather. Of the latter she writes: